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She couldn't fathom what kind of a Luxurious life he was spending but she could guess he mostly spent it traveling. She hardly ate an apple and a sandwich when his helicopter landed.

Barely, It'd pass five minutes. They boarded his private plane. She could get friendly with the traveling part but not with his rudeness and wickedness.

She thought she would have an opportunity at the airport to get some help and get rid of him.

' He is smart and cunning. '

His helicopter landed on the runway of the airport. All her hopes were washed away by his wickedness.

It was like any other business class. It wasn't her first ride. She was gonna face jet lag after it. She was feeling thirsty. She cursed herself for not carrying a water bottle with her. She rested her head back. Her saliva wasn't helping much. The atmosphere was getting suffocating for her.

" You alright? " He asked. He was sitting on the next seat without his laptop. She knew it. It wouldn't take long to reach it in his lap.

" Like you care. " She said with a taunting voice.

" Whether I like it or not. I've to care for you." He sarcastically said again.

She grimaced, " You are not at gunpoint." She replied in the same tone. She inhaled from her mouth and closed her eyes as everything was spinning around her.

* * *

" Ma'am, Ma'am. " A weak female voice reached her ears, " Are you okay? " The same saccharine voice asked her.

She opened her eyes slowly. There was a young lady doctor in a white coat with an oval face and round glasses over her face.

For a while, she forgot that she was on his plane. Her throat was dry, " Can I get water please? " she asked her in a slow voice.

When the doctor moved from her front side. Unfortunately, He was standing, folding his arms over his chest and glaring down at her as if he was a lion and she was the only deer in the jungle. He was ready to leap and shred her with his piercing eyes.

" Ma'am. " The doctor gave the water bottle and medicine. She gulped them with half water from the bottle, " Does it happen usually you get unconscious or it's happening after marriage? " Doctor asked.

She stared back at him, who was still adopting his menacing

posture. She wanted to put the whole blame on him but she also did not want to give him another barbaric idea, " It happens normally when I don't get water and skip meals. I mean I'm not used to such hot weather." She said to her.

" Okay. " The doctor got up from the side and stopped her steps ahead of Ethan. They whispered something standing in the aisle of the plane. After a few seconds, she made herself out of the plane. Watching her go in her freedom life, she was draining from inside. Her eyes traveled where he was standing. He nodded at the pilot. The pilot went into his pit.

He took his seat next to her, " If you'll behave and act properly. I can allow you. " He said, keeping his sarcastic tone away.

She couldn't get it. Why was he doing this? He could get someone from his world or from those beautiful belly dancers. He had a private luxurious plane. Of course, he had a lot of money. It did not seem to her merely a money agenda after this wedding. Did he want to make Kattie jealous and wanted her to repent over her decision, for betraying him? She didn't catch him glancing at Kattie once. Then why, " Allow! What? " She furrowed her brows.

" Freedom. " He said wickedly.

Who the hell are you to decide? She thought but didn't utter it out loudly, " Let's see which way the wind blows. " She whispered as she was not sure of it.

" Then you have doubts about my abilities. " His sarcasm returned immediately.

She reached for her seat belt and stapled her, " I don't know. See! It's your ability. I'm stuck here with you Forever. " She taunted him while smiling in pretense. She was expecting another brutal reply.

" You will not go anywhere without at least one security man. " He calmly said.

She held the arm of her chair and shut her eyes close. Her eyes jerked open when she felt his hand on her hand over the arm of the chair, " Remove your hand. " she said.

Alternatively, he gripped her hand in his hand. She pulled away but it was a firm grip. When the plane was in the air, he left her hand.

He was doing all this to distract her. She heaved and stared at him. He patched up again with his laptop and rapidly ran his both hands' fingers on it, " You haven't any need to do it. " She said, glancing out of the window.

' What's in that stupid laptop. He's not a businessman. Why does a mafia man need a laptop? '

" I don't need to remind you. What relationship we are sharing. Stop questioning over every small thing. Give some rest to your small brain and a little mouth. " He said in a curt tone, his eyes were on the laptop.

" It's not my daily routine when a stranger touches me. " She replied.

His expressions got menacing. He worked his hand on her seat belt and lifted her from her seat, shoving his laptop aside. He pinned her in his lap.

Twisting her wrist back, he yanked her closer. A wave of pain went through her arm and ended up on her shoulder. She bit her lips to stop the squeal, " Who am I? " He demanded from his tight pressed teeth together. When she didn't speak. He squeezed it tighter, " Answer me, Love. " He demanded with a smile.

" Vicious like your brother. " She replied. Tears trailed down her cheeks. Her tears dropped on the exposed part of his chest and on his black shirt.

He released the grip. But didn't allow her to leave the spot, " When I'll get my answer. You can sit back. " He harshly said. He was softly rubbing his fingers where he squeezed on her arm.

He wiped her tears. She didn't want to accept what he wanted to hear from her. He was nothing more than a callous personality.

She was missing her brother. She was sure he'd be searching for her in every corner of the city. She peered at him. He was normally working on his machine as if nothing happened and rubbing his fingers softly, " Husband. " She

whispered. Without any further argument, he removed his arm around her body and let her go, " Can I make a call to my brother? " She asked him. She was hating the circumstances which had compelled her to ask for permission to talk with her own brother.

" Do as I say. You'll get your freedom and you can go to meet your brother. " He said.

She did not want to trust him. But there was no other choice, " Promise? " she asked.

" I don't need to make some promises to represent my tongue's reality. If I say something I will do it, if not then not. " He said in a rude voice, " By the way, you're on pills from now. " He added.

" What?! " She winced as goosebumps rose on her arms and neck.

" You heard me right, " He rudely said.

She wanted to reply to him in the same way but it would just extend an unnecessary argument and it had no use. She kept herself busy peeping out of the window. She wanted to know where we were going. She wasn't concerned anymore. In which corner of the world she'd live. She had to make efforts to get herself free from his shackles. She was worried if she'd be nice to him, acting upon his saying. Would he actually provide her freedom or was it a trick to wrap his shackles around her more firmly?

"Amiya" She heard her name softly from him. Her lips curled up in a slow smile.

When she opened her eyes, his face was inches away. She quickly straightened up in her seat. She slipped her hands down to unstrap her. Straps were already off. She gazed up at him with drowsy eyes. He gripped her by the upper arm and helped her to get her up on her feet.

"I can walk." She whispered in her sleep.

"Yeah, I can see that. You almost look like a drunk in your sleep." He enveloped his arm around her waist.

She rested her head on his shoulder in her sleep, "Yeah! I know. My friend also says so. Where are we?" She asked in her sleepy voice. She was enjoying little intimacy between them. Her brain was giving her instructions after the plane they should be in a car, "Why are we not in the car?" She asked.

He slowed his pace so he could match it with her little steps, "Home. You were sound asleep when I carried you in the car." He said.

"Your home." She whispered, closing her eyes. Sleep was engulfing her again.

"Our home." He said.


" Hmm. " It was sounding good to her ears. She also didn't wanna hope for any false hope. She would definitely run away from here one day.

Believing his sugar-coated words would create a new pain and she didn't want any rope of feelings and emotions wrapped around her ankles of his sweetness which forced her to stay in his hell and feel for him. She felt his finger brushing over her cheek, " Let me sleep. " She muttered. It was his hand around her which was guiding her to step ahead. She almost slept on his shoulder again. He scooped her up.

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